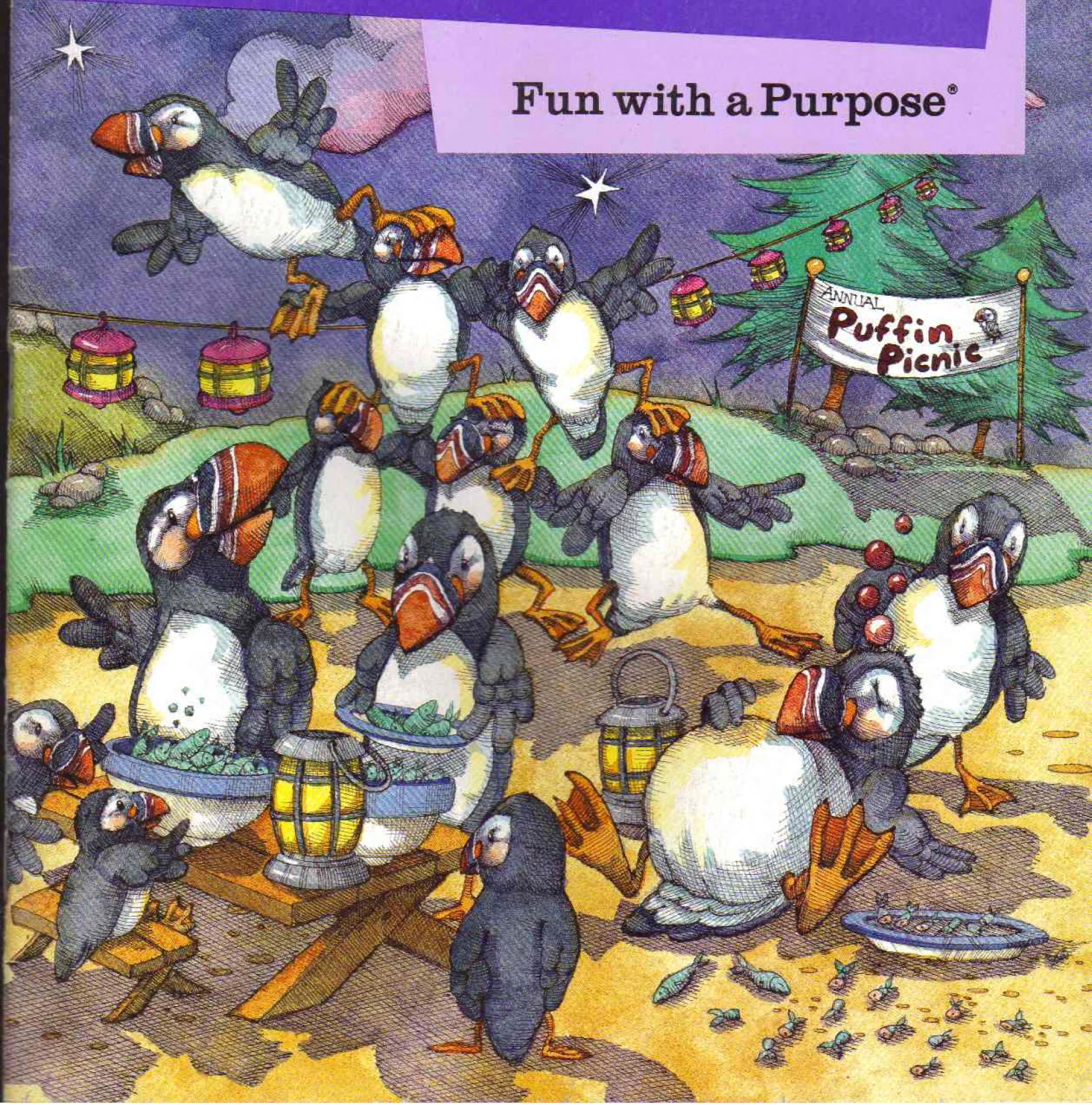


# Highlights<sup>®</sup>

OCTOBER 1991 for Children

Fun with a Purpose<sup>®</sup>





# Highlights<sup>®</sup> for Children<sup>®</sup>

Including CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES<sup>®</sup>

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This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow—in basic skills and knowledge—in creativeness—in ability to think and reason—in sensitivity to others—in high ideals—and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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## AWARDS



National Association for Gifted Children—Certificate of Merit. National Conference of Christians and Jews—Certificate of Recognition and Brotherhood Award. Freedom Foundation—For Outstanding Achievement in Bringing About a Better Understanding of the American Way of Life. National Safety Council—Exceptional Service to Safety. Member—EDPRESS.

## From the Editor

Horses. They fascinate many of us, young and old.

Our readers often remind us of their thirst for stories and articles about horses. Their interest in horses has stayed constant—high—during my twenty years at HIGHLIGHTS.

Every so often a reader writes about wanting to own a horse. That is a longing not easily fulfilled. Stories and articles help quench the desire.

"Magnificent Mary" (pages 16-17) by Dayton O. Hyde tells how he got Mary, an old mare—without exactly wanting her. He was picking out mustangs for his sanctuary, where horses can live in a wild and natural state, when . . . but you will discover what happened when you read the story.

Dayton and horses are old friends. As a boy, he drove a team. Later, he was a rodeo cowboy. As a rancher, he counted on horses to help do his work. His life has been so enriched by horses that he now, fittingly, devotes time and energy to them at his South Dakota sanctuary.

And Dayton's lighthearted tale of mischievous—and magnificent—Mary confirms us horse lovers in our high opinion of them.

Kent L. Brown Jr.  
Editor

## Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?





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# The FOSTER CHILD

By Heather Klassen

**We have nothing in common. How will we even talk to each other?**

**I** am standing on the front porch, not wanting to go inside. I know the foster child is in there. I guess I should call her by her name.

Lisa. She's twelve, same as me, and her family is going through some hard times. Mom and Dad told me all about her two weeks ago, when they told me they had decided to take in a foster child.

"Sarah, is that you?" My mom's voice floats through the screen door. She's heading my way. But I'm not ready to go in. I dart behind the hedge bordering the porch. My mom pokes her head out the door, doesn't see me, and calls to someone inside. "I guess that wasn't Sarah after all. She should be here any minute."

I plop down beside the bush. I'll have to go inside eventually,

but I can't help putting it off. The whole thing doesn't seem fair. When they told me about their foster child idea, Mom and Dad wanted to know how I felt about it. What could I say? Even though I knew it was a nice thing to do, I didn't like the idea of sharing my home—not to mention my parents—with a stranger. But I don't like to disappoint my parents. So I said it sounded fine, even though it didn't.

Might as well get it over with. I stand up, fling my backpack over my shoulder, and tramp up the steps. Mom meets me at the door.

"There you are, Sarah." Mom holds the screen door open. I step in and glance around the living room. It's empty.



"Lisa's in the kitchen. She'll be out in a minute." Mom puts her hand on my shoulder and leans toward me. "I think she's feeling a little nervous. I'm counting on you to help her feel comfortable, Sarah," she says quietly.

I hear ice cubes clinking into a glass while I wait for Lisa. The questions I've been asking myself for the past two weeks keep circling around in my head. What if she tries to pick fights with me? Or steals my stuff? She's from another part of the city, where no one I know lives. The problems in her family are so bad that she has to live here for a while. Her life sounds so different from mine. What could we possibly have to talk about?

Just as I'm about to ask my mom something, Lisa walks through the doorway into the living room. She stops when she sees me. Lisa looks just like I knew she would. Different from me and my friends.

Her blond hair is cut short, and she must have three earrings in each ear. She's even wearing makeup. I wonder what my mom thinks of that!

And her clothes. None of my friends would ever wear an outfit like that. A baggy, ripped sweatshirt and paint-splattered jeans. Boys' hightops without laces.

Mom nudges me in the back. I know I'm supposed to say something. "Hi, Lisa. I hope you like it here."

Lisa nods slightly and takes a sip from her glass.

"Sarah, I told Lisa that you'd show her to her room and help her unpack."

"Sure," I say. I pick up Lisa's suitcase and carry it to the stairs. Lisa sets her glass on an end table and follows me. We go upstairs and down the hall to the

guest room. Now it's Lisa's room.

"I'll just put your suitcase on the bed," I say.

"OK," she mumbles.

I sit on the edge of the bed and watch Lisa as she opens her suitcase. She pulls out a stack of clothes and dumps them on the bed. I'm wondering if any of her clothes are all in one piece when I notice part of a book sticking out from a pile of clothes. The cover looks familiar. Not thinking, I reach over and pull the book out.

"Have you read that?"

Startled by Lisa's first complete sentence to me, I look up at her. "Are you kidding? This is my favorite book. I must have read it ten times!"

"Is that all?" Lisa sits down next to me. She takes the book from me and runs her fingers over the cover. "I just had to bring it with me. It's my favorite book, too," she says softly. "I'm surprised you like it."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. The way you are." Lisa seems to fumble for the words. "Your parents, and your clothes and all." She turns back to her unpacking.

I scan my outfit. A pink sweater over a turtleneck, new jeans, and pink running shoes. Nothing wrong with my clothes. They're

the same as my friends wear. They're different from what Lisa's used to, I guess.

Thinking about my clothes, I suddenly realize why Lisa hasn't smiled since I met her. I have to share my parents and my house, but she has to get used to everything being new and different. Including me. It must be harder on her than it is on me. And she knows less about me than I do about her. But I do know that we both like the book.

"Remember the part where the two girls get stuck in the cave?" I blurt out.

Lisa laughs. "And the part where the guy goes running down the hallway after them?"

We both laugh.

"Have you read any of her other books?" I ask Lisa.

"I didn't know she wrote any more."

"Oh, sure, lots. I have the whole series. Do you want to borrow them?" I ask her.

"If it's OK with you."

"It is." I jump up from the bed and head for my room. As I'm pulling books from the shelves and thinking how much we'll enjoy talking about them, something really nice occurs to me. Mom and Dad are getting a foster child, but maybe—just maybe—I'm getting a friend.





## I Am Falling off a Mountain

I am falling off a mountain,  
I am plummeting through space,  
you may see this does not please me  
by the frown upon my face.

As the ground keeps getting nearer,  
it's a simple task to tell  
that I've got a slight dilemma,  
that my day's not going well.

My velocity's increasing,  
I am dropping like a stone,  
I could do with some assistance,  
is there someone I can phone?

Though I'm unafraid of falling,  
I am prompted to relate  
that the landing has me worried,  
and I don't have long to wait.

I am running out of options,  
there's just one thing left to try—  
*in the next eleven seconds,*  
*I have got to learn to fly!*

—Jack Prelutsky





## Hard to Fight

I am always fighting with my brother, but it is hard to fight someone who is only two.

*Crystal H., Minnesota*

You're right. Someone who's only two can't fight very well. He can hardly stick up for himself.

Instead of fighting, think of nice things to do for him. You could play games with him, read to him, or help your mom or dad take care of him.

You are one of the most important people in your brother's life. He will learn a lot about growing up from you, because you are his older sister. You can help him just by being patient and by showing him how kind and considerate an older sister can be. I have a feeling that you can be a terrific sister who is loved very much by her little brother.

## Playing with Matches

My friend was playing with matches, and he got caught. He is my only friend, and he can't play with me anymore.

*Sammy A., Ohio*

Playing with matches is very dangerous. Your friend has probably been grounded by his parents because he needs to realize that he could have hurt himself or others. I hope you won't play with matches.

# To the Editor

You can't do much about the situation right now. Eventually your friend may be allowed to play with you. In the meantime there are lots of fun things you can do on your own. How about getting books from the library? Maybe you could get permission from your mom to fix a meal for the family. If you have a hobby, you could work on that. You can also try to make more friends, so you have other people to play with.

## Solving the Sads

My best friend is moving to Guam, an island pretty far from here. We solved the problem of being sad by deciding to be pen pals. We think that is a pretty good idea, and I just wanted you to know.

*Shannon L., Texas*

Your idea is terrific. I'm glad the two of you found a way to keep your friendship going. I know that other readers have felt sad about friends who moved away. Maybe they'll give your idea a try.

## Blame

Why do parents always blame stuff on us kids when we didn't do anything wrong?

*Gene L., Florida*

Being blamed for something you didn't do is upsetting. But parents are human, just like everybody else. Sometimes they make mistakes.

If you feel that you're unfairly blamed for things, have a talk with your parents. Pick a time when they are not busy or upset, and ask if you can discuss a problem with them. Without getting angry, let them know how you feel. Then listen to your parents' side of things. You may understand each other better after your talk.

Another way to improve things is by making sure that you behave as well as possible. Your parents won't blame you for things as often if they know you're trying to be the best person you can be.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code).  
Mail to:

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# CRU

## The Pretzel Story

Here's how worms of dough become tasty treats in dozens of shapes and flavors.

By Elizabeth S. Wall



According to legend, a monk invented this treat to look like arms at prayer.

**L**ong, long ago when knights lived in castles, girls and boys were eating pretzels. We know how long pretzels have been around by seeing drawings of them on a sixth-century manuscript in the Vatican library in Rome. But how they got their loopy shape is a different story.

Most people believe a folktale that says the first pretzels were made in a monastery high in the Alps of southern France. One day, a monk working in the kitchen rolled some leftover bread dough into a long "worm," twisted it, and pressed the ends to the top of each loop.

In those days people prayed by folding their arms across their chests, and so, to this religious man, the twisted loops looked like arms folded in prayer. After baking the twists of dough, he

gave them as rewards to children who learned their prayers.

The treats were first called *bracchiola*, a Latin word meaning "little arms," or *preiola*, a Latin word meaning "little reward." By either name, they were a hit.

The monk's idea spread from village to village. As the treat traveled across the Alps into Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, the name changed. People called them *brezels*, *bretzels*, or *pretzels*, and over the next several hundred years, the familiar twisted shape became popular, especially at holidays.

Those first pretzels were soft, thick, and chewy, like the ones you can buy today from street vendors or in malls. They were simply made from flour, water, and yeast. During Lent, when some people stayed away from food made with fat, milk, or

The first pretzels were soft and chewy. Their crunch came later.



eggs, they ate pretzels. To celebrate Easter, German children often got heart-shaped pretzels decorated with ribbon streamers.



Pretzels have been sold by street vendors for centuries. A woodcut dated 1483 shows a German pretzel seller. In this photo taken about 1910 vendors are plying their wares in New York City.



# NOVEL!



Some were home delivered.

German bakers made pretzels decorated with colored sugar and bits of fruit to hang on Christmas trees. On New Year's day, families broke giant pretzels and shared the pieces with friends as a symbol of good health in the new year.

**S**ome people even believed that pretzels had magical powers. Some wore huge pretzels around their necks to keep away evil spirits. Farmers hung pretzels on fruit trees to make them bear more fruit. Young people called pretzels "lovers' knots." They believed the loops stood for endless love.

A stained-glass window in a Swiss cathedral shows a bride and groom holding a large pretzel. "Wishing on a pretzel" was popular at weddings. The bride and groom each held a loop and made a wish. Then they pulled until the pretzel broke. Whoever held the knot would get his or her wish, the tradition said.

According to an old story, the pretzel got its crunch by accident. One night a baker's helper fell asleep while tending the oven. The poor boy woke before dawn to find the fire almost out. Afraid that the pretzels were not baked, he threw in more logs and fired

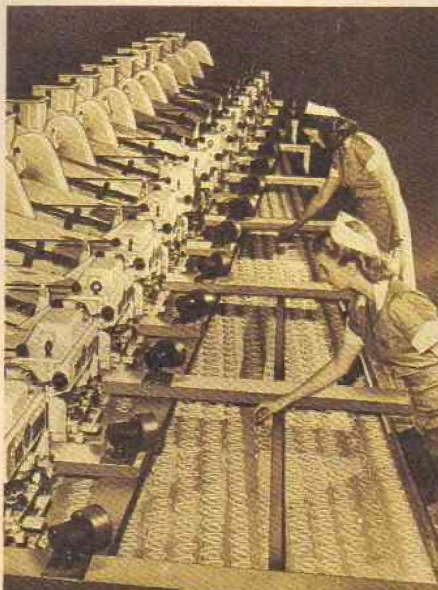
up the oven again. In the morning the master baker and his family arrived to sample the night's work. Horrors! The pretzels were hard and crispy, not soft and moist. The second baking had dried them out. The baker was furious. He thought he was ruined.

But his family and helpers were happily munching and crunching on the dry pretzels. Not only did the new kind taste good, but the baker also realized they would stay fresh since the moisture had been baked out. The crunchy pretzel was born.

After the American Revolution, many Germans left Europe and settled in eastern Pennsylvania. They brought with them the art and skill of making their beloved pretzels. In 1861 in Lititz, Pennsylvania, Julius Sturgis started the first American "hard" pretzel business. His bakery is still owned by the Sturgis family.

Today, pretzels are big business, and Pennsylvania is "pretzel

**Early machines brought pretzel making up to 50 pretzels a minute.**



country." More than half of the large automated bakeries in the United States are in Pennsylvania. Whether your favorite shape is Thins, Twists, Sticks, Dutch, Gems, Nuggets, Rods, Logs, Rings, or Braids, someone in Pennsylvania is making it.

**Many people choose pretzels as a favorite low-calorie snack. The wheat flour contains protein, some vitamins and minerals. But most people buy pretzels just because they're fun to eat.**



In modern bakeries, dough is mixed in giant bins, then put in the hopper of an extruder. This machine automatically extrudes, or pushes, dough through a cutter shaped like a pretzel. The unbaked pretzels are dropped on a long moving belt. The belt carries the pretzels through a salty bath, which gives them a shiny, golden brown color. Then seeds or salt are dropped on, and they go to the baking and drying ovens. From the ovens, they are packed instantly to keep them fresh.

The next time you bite into a pretzel, remember you're about to enjoy a treat that's more than thirteen hundred years old.



# Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Science Editor

## Bruise Blues

**What is a bruise, and why does it turn bluish?**

*Abigail Beeghley—Midland, Texas*

In all the soft tissues of your body there are many tiny blood vessels, the capillaries. When you get bumped, some of the capillaries may be broken. Then red cells of the blood leak out and collect in the tissue underneath the skin. That patch of red cells and broken-down red cells seen through the skin may appear blue or even black depending on how many red cells are trapped there.

Fortunately for you, your body can repair its cuts and bruises. So the usual treatment for a bruise is just to wait for the slow job of repair to take place.

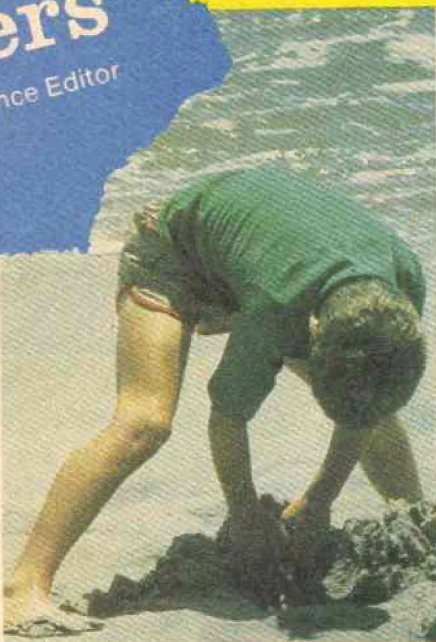


## Worms

**Do worms have eyes?**

*Nathan Hough—Texarkana, Texas*

I guess you are thinking about earthworms because that's the kind we most commonly see. They do not have any eyes that can see the way your eyes do. However, as in many of the simpler



## Sand and Water

**If you have a bucket of sand or dirt and you pour water into it, the water is absorbed. So why doesn't the ocean floor absorb all the water in the ocean?**

*Amber Lawson—San Diego, California*

You are right that sand and dirt soak up a lot of water. The ocean floor does, too. But the amount of water in the ocean is a whole lot more than the sand and dirt at the bottom could take up.

It's hard to think about how much water there is in the oceans. Some places near shore are shallow, of course, but some places are more than six miles deep. The average depth is about two miles.

You can see why that much water can't be absorbed by the sand and dirt at the bottom.

animals, they have special nerve cells that are sensitive to light.

In order to get worms for fishing bait, I have often looked for them in a garden. When the soil is damp on a summer night, they often come to the surface and partway out of their burrows. Then the trick is to sneak up and grab one before it can contract

## Horse Teeth

**Are horses born with teeth?**

*Greg Fisher—Enid, Oklahoma*

Horses are born with milk teeth or baby teeth, just as you were. But I think you want to know whether the teeth have pushed out through the gums where they can be used.

I had a little trouble finding anyone who was confident of an answer to this. Finally I called Dr. Leon Scrutchfield, a professor of veterinary medicine at Texas A & M University. So I can tell you his answer.

In most horses, the very front teeth (the incisors) are either showing at birth or will begin to show in the first few days. The cheek teeth (the premolars) will be showing within the first two weeks. So horses can use their teeth sooner than we can.



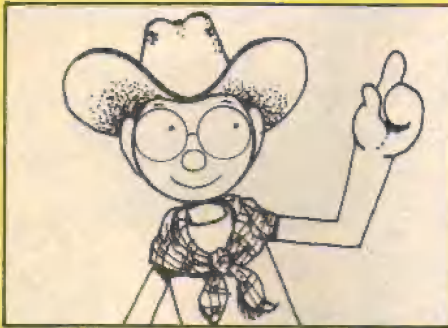
and pull itself into the burrow. Of course, you need a flashlight. But the main beam of the flashlight must be kept away from the worm. Otherwise it senses the light and quickly pulls itself into its burrow.

You can see that a worm must be sensitive to light even though it does not have eyes.

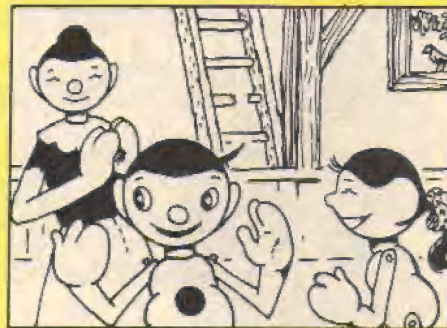


# THE TIMBERTOES

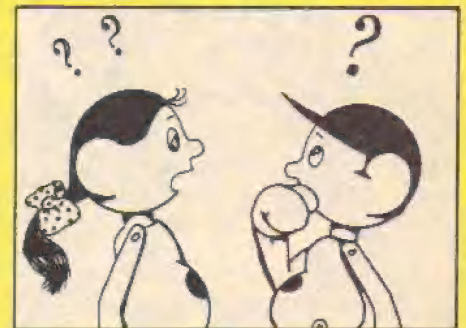
By Sidney Quinn



"Let's have a hoedown."



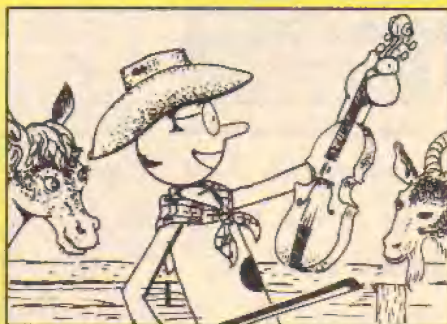
"Good idea," says Tommy.



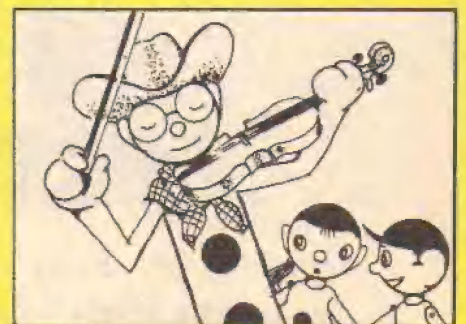
"What's a hoedown?"



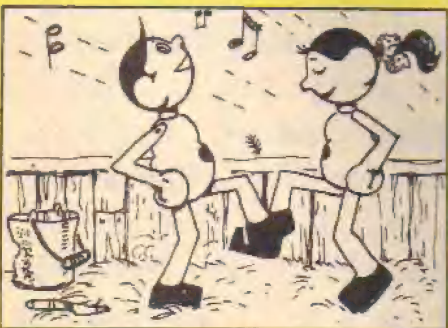
"It's a dance," says Pa.



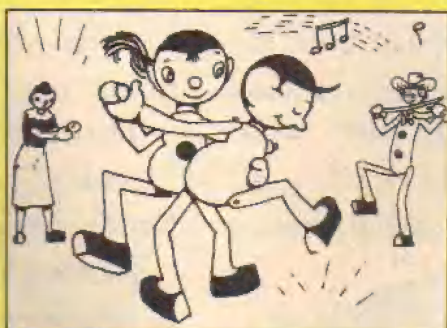
"I'll play my fiddle,



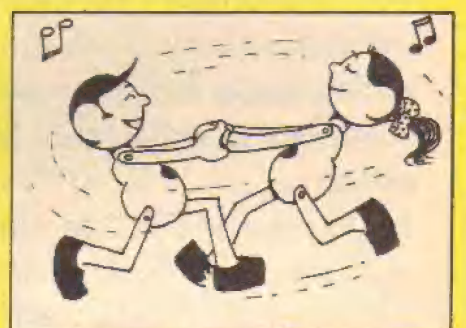
and you can dance."



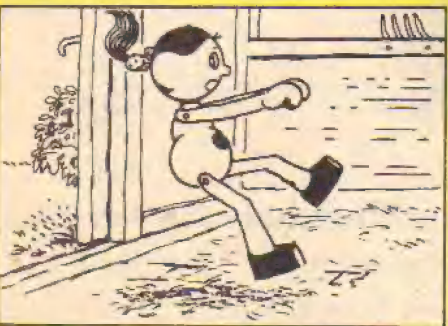
Tommy and Mabel dance.



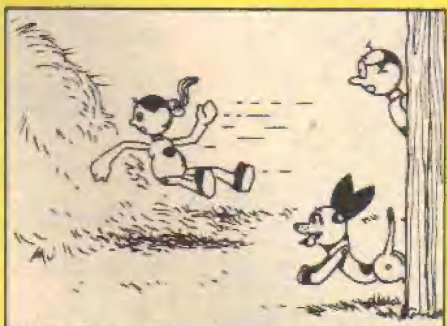
"Swing your partner!" says Ma.



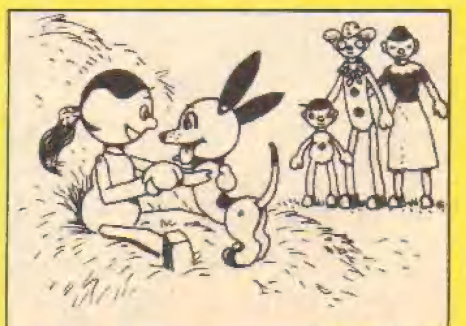
Tommy swings Mabel.



Mabel forgets to hold on.



"Come back, Mabel!"



Mabel has a new partner.



# When N Was Letter of the Week

Amy and Tod had something, but Kelly had nothing to show the class.



By Marlys G. Stapelbroek

**E**very Monday, Kelly's teacher wrote a letter on the chalkboard. It was the Letter of the Week.

This Monday, Mrs. Sims printed the letter N. "Amy, Tod, and Kelly, would each of you bring something to class that starts with the letter N?" she asked.

Amy nodded. "Tomorrow I'll wear my new necklace to school."

Tod said, "Last weekend a bird's nest fell out of our oak tree. I'll bring the nest."

Kelly grinned. She knew *lots* of words that started with N. "What will you bring for your N word, Kelly?" Mrs. Sims asked.

Net. Noise. Note. There were so many N words, Kelly couldn't decide. "My N word will be a surprise," she said.

All day she thought of N words.

When she got home, Kelly said to her parents, "What N word is extra special?"

"How about nose?" Mother asked.

Kelly shook her head. "I take my nose to school every day."

"Knife?" asked Dad.

Kelly laughed. "You're teasing. Knife begins with K."

Her father smiled. "You're right, but it sounded good."

Kelly looked at the tool box on the table. "I know!" she cried. "I'll take a nail."



**T**he next morning Kelly put her nail in a paper bag so no one would see her surprise. At lunch time she peeked inside the bag.

Oh, no! Her nail was gone. All she



saw was a little hole in the bottom of the bag. Sighing, Kelly walked to the lunchroom.

"What's your N word, Kelly?" Meghan whispered across the table.

"It's a surprise," Kelly said. She didn't want to tell anyone she'd lost the nail.

A teacher came by with the milk cart. Kelly handed him three dimes. He gave her a carton of milk and a



nickel change. As Kelly slid the coin into her pocket, she smiled. Nickel started with N.

"Milk money," the teacher said to Meghan.

Meghan groaned. "Kelly, I don't have enough," she said. "May I borrow your nickel?"

Slowly, Kelly took out the nickel. She needed it for her N word, but Meghan needed it more.

Kelly opened her lunch box. No nuts. No noodles. Not a single thing that started with N. Not a thing, except—

"Napkin!" Kelly said as she waved the yellow paper napkin in the air.

"Oh good," Tod said, taking the napkin. "I spilled my milk."

"Wait!" Kelly cried. Too late. Her napkin was a soggy mess.



**A**fter lunch Mrs. Sims called on Amy. Amy showed the class her pink necklace. Everyone clapped.

Then Tod held up his nest. "Ooo," the children said softly.

"Kelly?" Mrs. Sims smiled. "We're ready for your surprise."

Sighing, Kelly walked to the front of the class and handed the paper bag to her teacher.

"Why, Kelly," Mrs. Sims said, looking inside. "This is empty."

Kelly nodded sadly. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing—" Slowly, Kelly smiled. She had an N surprise after all. "That's right," she told the class. "My bag is full to the top with a special N surprise. It's full of *nothing*!"





# Hidden Pictures

## Billy Goat Gruff Meets the Troll



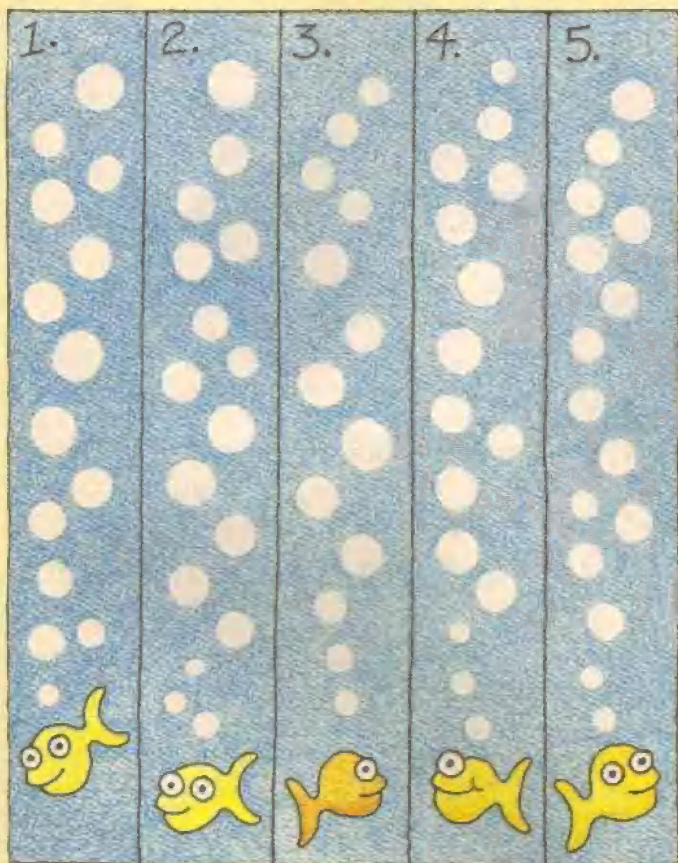
In this big picture find the snake, cowboy boot, paintbrush, pelican, walnut, piece of cake, cap, owl, mailbox, cat, eyedropper, envelope, key, and turtle.



## Glub, Glub, Glub

These little fish are busily blowing bubbles. In which tank is the fish blowing the most bubbles?

In which tank is the fish blowing the fewest?



Answer on page 42.

## SCIENCE CORNER



**Girl:** Why do I always see your flash before I hear the thunder?

**Lightning:** My flash and the sound of my thunder occur at the same time. But light travels about a million times faster than sound, so my flash gets to your eyes before my sound gets to your ears.

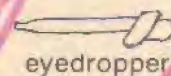
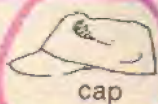
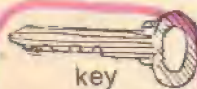
### Seven Spinning Spirals

Which spiral is drawn in the opposite direction from all the others?



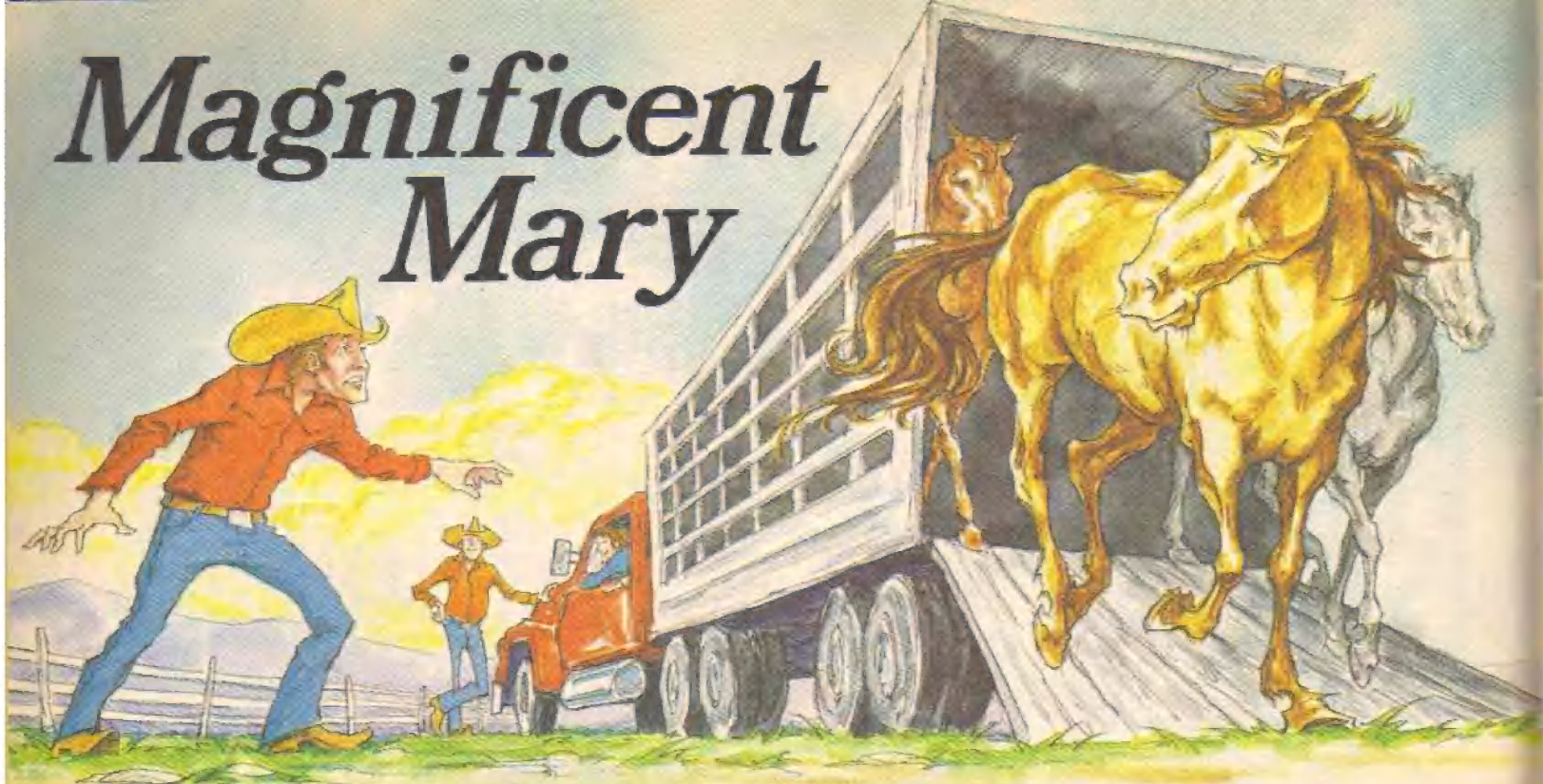
Answer on page 42.

### Can you find these Hidden Pictures on page 14?





# Magnificent Mary



*This horse wasn't pretty, but she  
sure had a knack for mischief.*

By Dayton O. Hyde

**M**agnificent Mary must have been hiding behind the corral gate when the Creator made the rest of the horses pretty.

I first saw her and named her in a feedlot for captured government mustangs, where I was selecting animals for our wild horse sanctuary in South Dakota.

Shaking my head in disbelief that a horse could be that homely, I put her in an adjoining corral with the mustangs I couldn't use, so I wouldn't have to look at her.

She had a head so long she could have drunk from the bottom of a fifty-five-gallon barrel and still peered out over the lip. Her little pig eyes glinted with meanness, and her Roman nose stuck out so far she could have finished a horse race neck to neck and still won by a yard.

Some draft horse ancestor, escaping into the wild, had bequeathed her the genes for huge. Her hip bones protruded like rafters from her fight-scarred

hide, and were white from perching magpies. Her mane and tail had acquired such a collection of cockleburs and tumbleweeds that she rattled with each crooked step. Color? I'm not sure she had any, unless it was the color of dirt.

Rejected time and again from the government's adopt-a-horse program, she'd been around that feedlot for a number of years. In truth, she had learned to rule the feedlot, opening gates at will, traveling about as she pleased, and becoming quite a pest.

I'd done my day's work, separating the horses that would do well running wild and free on the sanctuary. I was looking forward to collapsing on a motel bed when Magnificent Mary ambled over to the corral fence and rubbed her tail on a post.

"You cut that out, Old Ugly!" a cowboy shouted at her. But it was too late. I heard the groan of rotten steel as a section of fence

disintegrated into rust and dust.

The rest of the wild horses saw the hole and thundered through it so fast that in three seconds my horses had joined Mary and the rest of the rejects, and all my labors were undone.

It was midnight before we got the corral rebuilt and the horses sorted once more for the five-hundred-mile trip. Twice I had to separate the old mare from the keepers. She had a mysterious way of getting through the fence, as though she had made up her mind that she was going to the sanctuary and no gate latch could hold her.

I slammed the truck door shut on the last of the horses and followed the truck's crimson taillights into the darkness, feeling confident that I would never have to contend with that ridiculous old baggage again. But I didn't reckon on what a mischievous bunch of cowboys would do when my back was turned.



**H**ours later, we unloaded the truck at the sanctuary. The first animal to charge down the chute was Magnificent Mary herself. The truck was heading on to Montana to pick up a load of sheep. There was no way I could send Mary back to the feedlot.

The rest of the wild horses thundered out of the corrals and up over the rimrocks to freedom on the sanctuary, but not Mary. I guess she'd been in captivity for too long to remember freedom. Instead of following the others, she walked calmly to the rail fence separating us, laid it flat with a shove of her massive chest, and headed over to visit me.

Ambling through my vegetable garden, her hoofs left craters the size of birdbaths in the sifted soil

as she sampled a youthful cabbage, pulled up several clusters of carrots, sheared off some sprouting corn, razed a row of radishes, and bare-rooted my new raspberry plants.

Garden demolished, she turned her attention to what I was doing, following me just out of reach as though towed by an invisible lead rope. If I turned to look at her, she'd snort an alarm, storm off in violent retreat, then follow again meekly enough as soon as my back was turned.

As I climbed a ladder onto the roof of the pump house to put on new shingles, Mary regarded my ascent with casual interest, studying me with just one of her gimlet eyes. Then, forgetting my presence, she backed up to the pump house to service an itch on her knotty tail.

"Hey!" I cried out as the small building lurched and began dancing a jig beneath me. The ground seemed suddenly a long distance away. Sliding down the slippery roof on my stomach, I groped

desperately for the ladder with my toes.

There was a sudden snort as Mary, rubbing her nose on the ladder, stuck her head through the rungs, shied violently away, and stampeded sideways down the meadow, dragging the ladder with her.

It was dark, and a cold wind was blowing in across the prairies from Wyoming when finally a neighbor happened by to return some tools. I was still huddled on the roof.

"What happened?" he asked, flashing a light on me and retrieving the ladder.

"Wind!" I lied as I shivered uncontrollably. "Biggest old tornado you ever did see! Just picked up the ladder and whirled it off over the meadow."

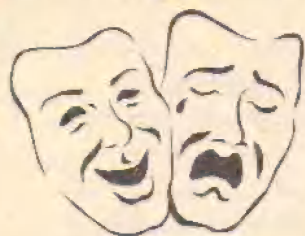
From somewhere nearby in the darkness, I heard a mare whinny. I knew it was Magnificent Mary laughing at me. Grinning to myself, I borrowed my neighbor's light and went to the shed for a bucket of grain. I knew the old mare and I were going to get along just fine.

*"Hey!" I cried out.  
Suddenly the ground  
seemed a long  
distance away.*





# The Magic of MASKS



A native American mask

Throughout history, people from around the world have worn masks. Some masks are used during religious ceremonies, like the native American mask shown at right. Some are used as part of theatrical costumes. Others are worn on Halloween or at masquerade parties. Even a clown's painted face is a mask, meant to

help make people laugh.

You can make masks that represent almost anything. Below are two animal masks.

When you wear animal masks, you can find out what happens when creatures meet. Do they argue, or do they get along? Are they friends or enemies? How does it feel to look like an animal?

Don't be surprised if you feel just a little mysterious every time you slip on a mask. You're still you, but suddenly you can be somebody or something else, too. That's the magic of masks!

To see what we mean, act out Aesop's famous fable (below) about the Lion and the Mouse.

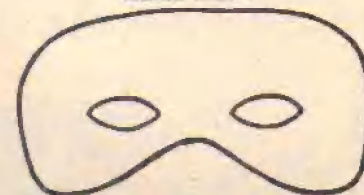
## Making Your Mask

Here's what you'll need:

- lightweight cardboard or a paper plate
- pieces of elastic or string
- scissors
- stapler
- crayons or markers
- felt or construction paper
- glue

Cut a mask shape from cardboard or a paper plate. Hold it to your face, and have someone mark with a crayon where the eyes should be. Taking the mask away from your face, cut out eyeholes. Staple string or elastic to each side of the mask. Glue on features cut from construction paper or felt. Decorate with crayons or markers. You're ready!

Basic Mask



## The Lion and the Mouse

A sleeping lion was awakened when a mouse scampered over his paws. "I should eat you!" roared the lion.

"Forgive me," pleaded the mouse. "If you do, I will find a way to repay your kindness."

"How can a tiny mouse repay the king of the jungle?" asked the lion. But he was amused, so he let the mouse go.

Not long after, the lion found himself caught in the ropes of a hunter's net. He was too proud to roar for help, but the mouse heard him struggling.

"Allow me to help," said the mouse, gnawing through the ropes until the lion was free.

The moral of the story? *No act of kindness is ever wasted.*





# For Wee Folks



Who is saving electricity?



Who is saving water?



Who is saving gasoline?



Who is saving heating fuel?



These Tlingit Indian children have pictures made of buttons on their robes. What do you think the pictures show?



In each pair, which would be easier to catch with your bare hands? Why?



# How's **that** Again?

*Americans and Scots speak English, but I was surprised to learn that we sometimes use the same words to mean different things.*

If you go to Scotland, you'll see beautiful mountains and *lochs* (lakes) and meet lots of friendly people. And if you are there long enough to attend school, you will notice that kids wear uniforms. Girls wear jumpers in the States, but in Scotland they are called *pinafors*, and *jumpers* are what the Scots call pullover sweaters. Everyone wears regular shoes to school because *trainers* (sneakers) are not allowed. When girls fix their hair, they fasten it with a *clasp* (barrette) and comb their *fringe* (bangs).

By Linda E. Byard

Do you own a **jotter**?

Would you eat a **play piece**?

You might if you lived in

**Scotland**



In school, kids will work hard and make notes in their *jotters* (notebooks). You and your Scottish pals will be glad when the teacher tells you it's *play time* (recess). Be sure to take a *play piece* (snack) in a *poke* (bag). If it's a *sweetie* (candy), you might share it. You will probably be invited to do some *skipping*, (jumping rope), play *tig* (tag) or maybe *football* (soccer).



You will probably walk to school on the *pavement* (sidewalk). You wouldn't be tempted to cut through a neighbor's *garden* (yard) because it is probably behind a stone wall. If there are busy streets, the *lollipop lady* (crossing guard who carries a stop sign) will help you cross safely. You wouldn't want to get hit by a *lorry* (truck)!



Before you leave Scotland, you may go with your friends to a restaurant. If you order fish and chips and lemonade, you'll get fish all right. But you'll get French fries and a glass of soda with it. If you'd rather have potato chips, ask for *crisps*.

**Cheerio!**  
**I'll post you**  
**a note!**





*It's all in my jotter!*

If the teacher is ill, you will have a *supply* teacher (substitute). Oh, and when the regular teacher returns, don't ask if he or she has been *sick*, because it might be considered a bit *cheeky* (fresh) to ask a grown-up if he or she has thrown up. Of course, everyone gets a *sore tummy* (upset stomach) once in a while.



It's sure to be raining one day. You'll wear your *cagoule* (raincoat) and your *wellies* (boots) unless it is only *spitting* (lightly drizzling).

*Haste ye back to  
bonnie Scotland!*

If you get the chance to go to Scotland someday, you will find it a lot of fun to learn another English. Be sure to write home about the good times you are having, and post your letter in a *pillar box* (mail box).



When it's time to leave, you'll probably say, "Cheerio!" to your Scottish friends. And you won't be talking about breakfast cereal. They will say, "*Haste ye back!*" You'll both know right off what big smiles mean, no matter how differently you speak the same language.

*I'm sure you can figure out most of these Scottish words. Match the American words with the Scottish words.*

#### American

hamburger meat • television • carriage •  
garbage can • cookie • traffic circle •  
parking lot • sliding board • intermission •  
crib • pie • potatoes • diapers • phone  
booth • VCR • superhighway • bandage

#### Scottish

dust bin • biscuit • call box • video  
recording device • plaster • pram • telly •  
dual carriageway • round about • interval •  
chute • cot • mince • tart • nappies •  
tatties • car park

*Mmmm!  
Crisps!*





# ELEPHANTS in OUR YARD

By George W. Frame

**S***nap! Cre-e-e-ak! Crash!*  
I recognized the sounds. Elephants were in our yard again.

My wife, Lory, and I looked out the window and saw that a big male African elephant had toppled a tree. He was eating the green leaves and fruit.

Another elephant was breaking branches from a thorn tree, where our wire clothesline was tied. Towels were drying on the line, but the elephant ignored them as he devoured the blossom-covered branches.

Our home for the last several years has been in the Nazinga Game Ranch, in the West African country of Burkina Faso. The ranch was established in an area where most of the wildlife had disappeared. Now, after fifteen years of work by the government of Burkina Faso and by Canadian foreign aid, there are more than 12,000 hoofed mammals and about 400 elephants in the 600-square-mile ranch. The animals grew in numbers because there is ample water, food, and protection for them.

The elephants around our home in the middle of the ranch seem to be of two types. Most are like the smaller forest elephants. The rest are like the larger bush elephants that we saw in East

Africa. The two kinds of elephants probably were separated from each other for many generations, during which time they became more and more different from each other. Nowadays at the Nazinga Game Ranch, it appears that both kinds of elephants live together, often mixed in the same small groups.

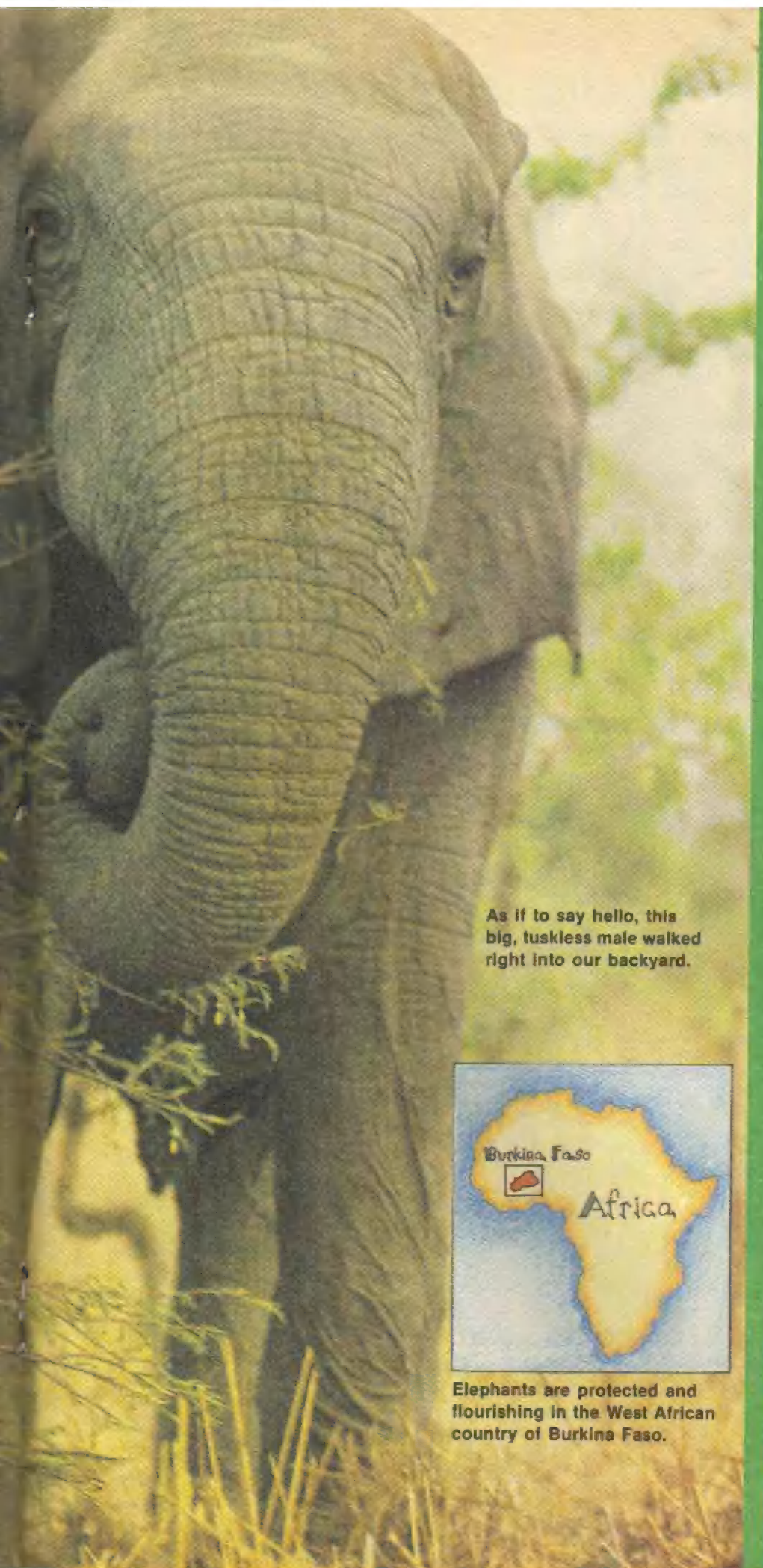
One afternoon in the dry season I watched a big male elephant and a smaller male feeding together. I hid behind my barbecue so they wouldn't see me. I saw that the trunk of the smaller male was cut halfway through, although it was healed. His trunk probably had been caught in a poacher's wire snare. The small elephant couldn't use his trunk very well, because many of the muscles no longer worked.

I saw that he couldn't pull branches off trees. Instead, he fed mostly on leaves, but even then with some difficulty. He stayed close to the big male. Then, to my surprise, the small injured male reached into the big male's mouth, pulled out some food, and ate it! The big male finished chewing what was left in his mouth, and didn't show any annoyance. I watched longer, and again the small male took food from the big male's mouth. I think that he

**"The elephant came charging  
toward me with loud, trumpeting threats.  
I ran so fast I lost a shoe."**







As if to say hello, this big, tuskless male walked right into our backyard.



Elephants are protected and flourishing in the West African country of Burkina Faso.

was tasting foods that he couldn't otherwise get with his injured trunk. Months later, when I saw the same individuals again, the injured elephant looked well fed. He still was taking food from the mouth of the big male.

Elephants are feisty and playful, especially the "teenage" males. One day our chickens were walking around outside, when suddenly an elephant charged out of the bush and chased the squawking hens round and round a termite mound. After the chickens fled inside their pen, the elephant cavorted and snorted along the woven-grass fence, often pausing to look over its top. The fence was as high as an elephant's eye. Finally he became bored and left. Sylvia, our bossy old hen, tiptoed cautiously out the gate and peered around to see if the elephant was *really* gone.

**E**lephants sometimes go to salt licks to eat the salt. At one of these places on a riverbank, we watched a herd of about 25 elephants digging in the soil. One elephant wrapped his trunk around a lump of soil and rubbed the tip of his trunk against the salt. Others held pieces of soil directly against their mouths.

One day when I was walking along a riverbank, I didn't notice an elephant resting among thick bushes. The elephant saw me, though, and it came charging toward me with loud, trumpeting threats. I ran so fast I lost a shoe, but I couldn't stop to get it. I returned several days later to retrieve my shoe, when I was sure that the elephant wasn't there!

When the rainy season starts around April, the elephants join together. Once, I saw about 120 elephants in one herd. The beginning of the rainy season is a very

Continued on next page



## ELEPHANTS in OUR YARD

Continued from page 23

beautiful time of year, because all the plants are brilliant shades of green and the grass is still short enough that the animals can be seen.

As the rainy season continues, and food and water become abundant everywhere on the ranch, the elephants leave the herd. They spread out in small groups to distant parts of the ranch. The mothers and their babies live in family groups. By July, the grass is taller than an elephant's back and we see hardly any animals at all. Then all we see are the birds, lizards, squirrels, bushbucks, duikers, and monkeys that come into our yard.

During the dry season, from November onward, the air is smoky and laden with dust. The

dry-season winds carry soils from the deserts in the North. It is in this season that many of the water holes dry out, so the elephants stay around the small dams near our home. There we watch the elephants frolicking in the water and mud. They often wrestle, in or out of the water, using their trunks and tusks to push and pull each other. Or they charge toward each other in mock threat. They splash and roll in the mud, and sometimes sink entirely underwater with only one leg or their trunk in sight.

With interesting and funny sights like this visible from January through April, the Nazinga Game Ranch is probably the best place in all of West Africa for watching elephants.

### Forest and Bush Elephants

You can see the difference between the two types of African elephants, if you know what to look for. An adult male **bush elephant** usually is 11 or 12 feet tall, has big broad ears, and tusks that point forward. An adult male **forest elephant** is only about 8 or 9 feet tall, has smaller and more-rounded ears, and tusks that point less forward. Both belong to the same species, the African elephant.

The elephants that live in the Nazinga Game Ranch are not as clearly distinct as the bush elephants that live farther east, or the forest elephants that live farther south. But still they don't all look like the same kind. Someday a scientist might study them carefully, to decide exactly what they are. The researcher could photograph all the individual elephants to carefully measure their features, to see if they fall into two groups. The researcher could also study blood samples, to see if the big elephants and small elephants are different genetically.

### Elephants' Tusks

Elephants' tusks, which are long teeth, are called **ivory**. Elephants have been hunted for centuries for their tusks. Some elephants grew tusks that weighed more than 100 pounds each. The longest tusk is said to have been slightly over 11 feet long. Nowadays elephants with big tusks are rare. Some of the elephants at Nazinga don't have any tusks at all. The big male who let his companion take food from his mouth was a tuskless elephant.

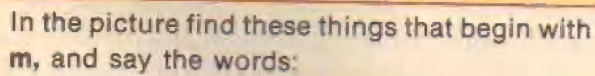
Hunting, especially illegal hunting (poaching), has reduced the number of elephants. Most African countries no longer allow buying or selling of elephant products.



For several months I watched a small elephant eating food directly from the mouth of a big male. The small one had an injured trunk and couldn't pull down branches. Surprisingly, the big one didn't seem to mind sharing its meals.



m at the beginning    n at the beginning



- something to wipe your feet on
- something for a hand in cold weather
- something that you can see yourself in

- something to wear
- what the animals are storing
- the number of nuts on the table

**Selected by Our Readers**

*Nicholas Harvey—Virginia*

*Kristen Embleton—New Brunswick*

*Yitty Greenfeld—New York*

*Kendall McCready—Pennsylvania*

*Ted Lulkin—Florida*

*Toni Lucas—Illinois*

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, OCTOBER 1991



# Things to Make

## Bat Erasers

By Terry A. Ricioli

Place a rubber eraser cap on the top of a pencil. With scissors, cut out a small notch at the top of the eraser to form two pointed ears.

Color the eraser black with a permanent felt marker.

Cut out bat wings from construction paper. Glue the wings to the back of the eraser, and let them dry. Cut small pieces of white paper for eyes, and attach them with glue.



## Clothespin Critter

By Bonnie Wedge

Cut four leg shapes from construction paper long enough to cover a spring-type clothespin. Glue the legs on each side of two clothespins, with the feet at the open end.

On construction paper, draw

shapes for the cat's body, tail, and head. Cut out the shapes, and glue them together. Add features with markers or paint.

Clip the clothespin legs to the cat's body. Position the legs so the cat will stand.

## Flashy Jack-o'-Lantern

By Sylvia Kreng

Place a brown paper bag on a table, with the open end at the bottom. With a black marker, draw and cut out a pumpkin face on the bag.

At night, open up the bag and place it on a table with a small flashlight underneath. See your pumpkin glow in the dark!







## Pebble Pumpkins

By Deanna Peters

Make ordinary pebbles and a stick of wood into a Halloween decoration.

Clean small round, flat pebbles for pumpkins. Paint them orange, and decorate them with faces. Use long, flat pebbles for the ghosts. Paint them white, and decorate them with faces.

Glue the pumpkins and ghosts to a small piece of wood.

## Princess's Hat

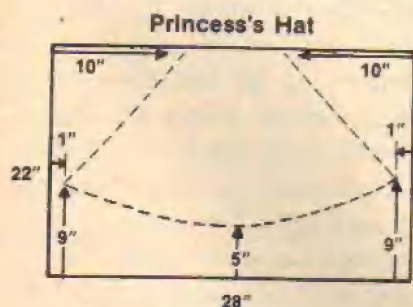
By Judith Kay Armstrong

Using a sheet of poster board 22 inches wide and 28 inches long, follow the diagram to draw and cut out the cone shape.

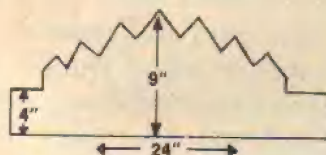
Draw designs with glue, and sprinkle them with glitter. Glue on ribbon and pieces of fabric.

When the glue has dried, roll the cutout in the shape of a cone and staple it in place. Leave a small opening at the top, and an opening to fit your head at the bottom. If necessary, trim off the bottom edge with scissors to make it even.

Staple streamers of ribbons and fabric to the top of the cone. Staple a piece of ribbon long enough to each side of the hat so it may be tied underneath your chin.



Prince's Crown



## Prince's Crown

By Elizabeth Weber

On a sheet of poster board, draw a crown shape as shown, and cut it out.

Draw designs with glue, and sprinkle them with glitter. Glue on ribbon and pieces of fabric.

When the glue has dried, roll the cutout in the shape of a crown. Leave the opening large enough to fit your head. Staple the ends in place.





# It's OK to Laugh, It's OK to Cry



**A hearty laugh or a heartfelt cry may help you stay healthy.**

By Peggy Noll



**Y**our laughing and crying are two signs that you are a human being. You are the only kind of animal that can laugh and cry. Today medical scientists are saying also that laughing and crying are good for you.

## **It's OK to cry.**

No one likes to be called a "crybaby." But it seems people need to cry, at least sometimes. There are really three different kinds of tears:

- 1) the ones that keep your eyes moist all the time,
- 2) the ones that come when you get dust in your eye or smell a strong onion,
- 3) the ones that come when you are especially sad—or happy!

It is only that third kind of tear that is special to humans. It's also called "emotional crying" and is the subject of a book called *Crying: The Mystery of Tears*. Before the author, Dr. William H. Frey, could study tears, he first had to collect them. He ran an ad

in the newspaper that read "Will you cry for me?"

Lots of people said they would. As volunteers in Dr. Frey's project, they sat in an auditorium and watched sad movies. They held test tubes just below their eyelids to collect their tears.

When Dr. Frey compared these tears with tears collected from people who breathed onion vapor, he found 21 percent more protein. He believes that when people cry because they are sad or happy, the tears contain extra proteins that have built up because of stress.

Dr. Frey asked another group of people to keep a record of their tears for a month. His most important discovery from this part of the study was that normal people differ greatly in how often they cry. Some hardly ever cry, but

others cry almost every day.

Dr. Frey decided that many people need to learn that it is OK to cry. "They do not have to be strong all the time," he said.

## **Laughter is a lot like tears.**

Crying and laughing are really more alike than they are different. Both may be important to good health.

Norman Cousins, a well-known editor, was one of the first in recent years to write about the power of laughter. Cousins told how he watched Marx brothers movies and "Candid Camera" reruns when he was recovering from a major illness. He thought that helped him more than pain pills. Cousins surprised many people when he said, "I made the joyous discovery that ten minutes



of genuine belly laughter would give me at least two hours of pain-free sleep."

Some scientists agreed with Cousins that laughter is good medicine. Laughing may help release substances in the body that act as natural pain-killers. In addition, laughter increases the heart rate and helps breathing and muscle tone.

**H**ospitals and health workers around the country are beginning to take laughter seriously. In 1987 a woman named Ruth Hamilton started Carolina Ha Ha (Health and Humor Association). She turned a hospital cart into a "laugh-mobile," which looks like a circus wagon. She gives joke books, toys, humor tapes, and bubble blowers to patients at Duke University Medical Center. Other hospitals have set up humor rooms for their patients.

Laughing is good for mental as well as physical health. A woman who worried too much was told by her counselor to list everything that was bothering her. Then she had to read each item aloud, saying "Tee-hee-hee" every time. Soon she was really laughing.

You might try that with your own list:

- piano recital Saturday ("Tee-hee-hee")
- math test Monday ("Tee-hee-hee")
- dentist appointment tomorrow ("Tee-hee-hee")

It seems that sobs and chuckles are both good for you. So when things really get bad, go ahead and cry. But when you hurt all over or need to find a way out of a jam—try laughing!



## Five on the Run

By Eleanor Klein



The five best runners in the fifth grade arranged a race to find out who was the fastest. Tricia was unhappy when she didn't finish first. She told us that Brittany came in two places

behind Carla. Greg didn't finish first or last. Dave said that he came in right after Tricia.

In what order did the five runners finish the race?

Answers on page 42.

## Safety Sense

Why is it dangerous . . .

to stand up in a rowboat or a canoe?

to chase after a ball rolling into the street?

to skate on thin ice?

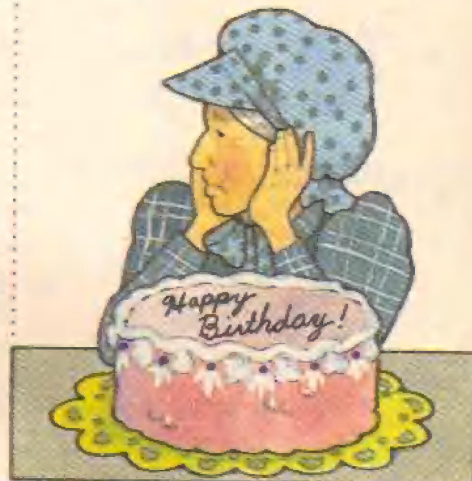
to get out of a moving car?

to stand close behind a person swinging a baseball bat?

to swim where there is no lifeguard?

to ride your bike down the middle of the road?

to run while holding a pencil?



## Pop Goes the Party

Mother Goose invited some friends to her birthday party. But none of them came.

- One was too busy searching for her lost sheep.
- Another had fallen asleep under the haystack.
- Two others had to rest because they had tumbled down a hill.
- One was too upset after being frightened by a spider.
- Another had to go shopping for her poor hungry dog.
- The last one said she didn't want to come. She'd rather stay home and work in her garden.



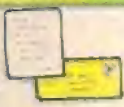









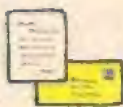
Can you name all the people Mother Goose had invited to her party?







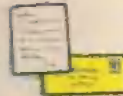





Answers on page 42.






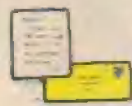






# City Letter, Country Letter

By Richard Hohl

 Mother helped  Ted write a  letter. "Dear  Uncle Bill, Thanks for inviting me to the  farm.  Mother said I can come on the  airplane. Love,  Ted."  Ted put the  letter in the  mailbox on the corner. "Now  Uncle Bill will get my  letter."

A week later  Uncle Bill was waiting when  Ted got off the  airplane. When they reached the  farm,  Ted said, "I want to write  Mother a  letter." With Uncle Bill's help, he wrote, "Dear  Mother, The ride on the  airplane was fun. Tomorrow I am going to help on the  farm. Thanks for letting me visit  Uncle Bill. Love,  Ted."

 Uncle Bill and  Ted walked to the  mailbox by the  road.  Ted put the  letter in the  mailbox. Then he reached high and put up the red  flag, so the mail carrier would stop. "Now  Mother will get my  letter," he said. "It's fun to send mail."



# Goofus and Gallant



"I don't want to wear it.  
It gets in my way."



Gallant puts on his seat belt  
when he gets into the car.



Goofus frightens his little cousin  
with a mask.



Gallant takes off his mask  
and shows it to Lindy.

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn

## Riddles

Selected by Our Readers

1. How many miles did Paul Revere gallop?  
*Twila Horst—Pennsylvania*
2. How does the man on the moon cut his hair?  
*Kimberly Mullen—New York*
3. What did the one witch say to the twin witches?  
*Kelly Turnure—Missouri*
4. At what time of day do astronauts eat?  
*Andrew DesRosier—Montana*
5. Why does lightning shock people?  
*Leslie Shoate—Nevada*
6. What does a pony sound like when he has a cold?  
*Brian Sweeney—New Jersey*
7. Why did the doughnut shop close?  
*Mavis Lyster—California*
8. What is the hottest day of the week?  
*Jamie Weiner—Nebraska*
9. What do you call an unclean person who crosses the road twice?  
*Charlie Meyer—Texas*
10. Five children went to school under an umbrella. How many got wet?  
*Thomas Oates—Washington*

### ANSWERS:

1. None. His horse did all the galloping. 2. Eclipse—it! 3. "Which witch is which?" 4. At launchtime. 5. Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself. 6. A little hoarse. 7. Because the owner got tired of the (w)hole business. 8. Friday. 9. A dirty double crosser. 10. None of them. It wasn't raining.



# The Reasonable Reward



**"H**ear ye! Hear ye!" the Royal Messenger proclaimed. "The Royal Jewels have disappeared. Stolen, by person or persons unknown!" A reward notice, signed by the King and Queen, appeared on doorways: Find the Jewels and Anything—Within Reason—Is Yours.

Throughout the kingdom, each person vowed to solve the theft and collect the reward.

Even Rufus, the Twenty-third Under-Assistant Pigkeeper at the Royal Piggery, declared that he would find the jewels.

"A bumbling buffoon like you?" laughed the Fourteenth Under-Assistant Pigkeeper. "Ridiculous!"

"Dim-witted Rufus?" snickered the Eighth Under-Assistant Pigkeeper. "Why, you can't even find matching socks in the morning." The other pigkeepers rolled on the ground, laughing and slapping their knees.

"We'll see," Rufus said. "I am as cunning as the next man."

"Hush!" said someone. "The Head Pigkeeper returns." Quickly, the pigkeepers busied themselves.

"Rufus!" roared the Head Pigkeeper.

"Yes, Master."

"You will be on duty throughout the night."

"B-b-but, Sir," protested Rufus. "I worked all day!"

The Head Pigkeeper frowned a terrible frown. "If you wish to retain your position, you will do as you are told."

*Find the Jewels  
and Anything  
-Within Reason-  
Is Yours!*

By Linda J. Anthony

When will I look for the Royal Jewels? Rufus thought to himself. But he dared not say a word.

That night, while the Royal Pigs snored, Rufus leaned against the fence and stifled a yawn. How many more hours? he wondered. Would morning never come?

Gently, his eyes began to close. Slowly, he slipped to the ground. Soon his snores mingled with the grunts of sleeping pigs. *Find the Royal Jewels, he dreamed, and the reward—anything within reason—will be yours. The jewels, the jewels . . .*

"Where are the jewels?" whispered a gruff voice nearby. Rufus did not move, but his eyes flew open.

"Here," a sharp voice answered. "Act quickly now, before we're discovered."

The sounds Rufus heard were not the nighttime noises made

by pigs in the Royal Piggery. He heard a sharp clink of metal against stone, a thud of dirt, and now and then a grunt. Cautiously, Rufus peeked round the corner of the fence.

In the moonlight he saw a man crouched over a hole. Next to the man stood a woman wrapped in a dark cloak. A glint of gold flashed from the box she held in her arms.

"Hurry!" whispered the woman. She poked at the man with her silk-covered toe.

"Ooomph," the man said. "I'm digging as fast as I can."

The woman looked over her shoulder. "What's that noise?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only the pigs, rooting in their sleep."

Rufus sank down behind the fence and closed his eyes. The Royal Jewel Thieves!

**R**ufus heard a few more thumps and a shoosh of dirt. Then the man said, "Finished." His breathing came easier. "Meet me here when the uproar dies down," he told the woman. "Then the two of us will disappear. No one will be the wiser."

"We will be rich," the woman whispered. "Rich!" With a swish of silk, she was gone.

Rufus held his breath.

But wait! Footsteps approached the very spot where Rufus lay. He snapped his eyes shut and uttered a deep snore.

The man stopped short and





**In the moonlight  
a glint of gold flashed  
from the box.**

poked at Rufus with his boot. Rufus grunted and turned over, letting out another snore.

"Dim-witted Rufus," the man said. "Sleeping on the job, eh? Just as I expected." With a nasty chuckle, the man disappeared.

Rufus sat up. He knew that voice! It belonged to the Head Pigkeeper. And he knew what he must do.

Less than an hour later, Rufus strode boldly into the Royal Antechamber. He handed the Royal Jewel Box, splotched with dirt and smelling faintly of pig, to the Lord Chamberlain.

"Return on the morrow to collect your reward," Rufus was told. "You may have anything you want—within reason, of course."

Word travels fast in a small kingdom. The next morning a crowd gathered at the castle gate

and watched enviously as Rufus strutted into the Royal Chamber.

"You may have anything you like," the Queen told Rufus.

"Within reason," added the King.

Without a pause or a stammer, Rufus stated his request.

The Queen looked at the King.

The King looked at the Queen.

"Why not?" said the King.

"It's clearly within reason," the Queen observed. "Why not, indeed!" She beamed at Rufus. "Your wish is granted."

Rufus could not believe his good fortune. He emerged from the Royal Chamber with a dazed smile upon his face.

"What is your reward?" someone asked him. "Gold coins? A diamond ring? A coach and four,

**For once, the Royal  
Pigkeepers did not  
join in the laughter.**

perhaps?" The people fell silent, waiting for Rufus to speak.

Rufus spoke, and his voice rang with pride. But the people looked at each other in amazement.

"Fool," said a man. "You could have asked for anything you wanted—within reason, of course."

"Trust Dim-witted Rufus to waste a good opportunity," called another, and the people began to laugh.

For once, the Royal Pigkeepers did not join in the laughter. Instead, they kept a stunned and respectful silence.

Rufus ignored the crowd. "Come along," he said to the pigkeepers. "There's work to be done."

The pigkeepers followed meekly behind Rufus, who led them back to the Royal Piggery. No one dared argue with the kingdom's new Head Pigkeeper.





# Our Own Pages



Carlos Peter Duran, Age 8  
Ocate, New Mexico

The grapes on the grapevine  
Are growing like balloons  
Blowing up slowly.

Aliza Smith, Age 5  
Jerusalem, Israel



Leasa McCallum, Age 12  
Lodgepole, Nebraska

## When My Dad Bowls

Black, swift rolling across  
Wooden, shiny ash planks  
Never clumping over open  
Hollow holes

Spinning rotations with a  
Glimpse of yellow  
Swerving on outside boards  
Hooks sharply then crashes into  
Leg-shaped clay objects  
Of pyramids of ten red-necked heads

Falling into each other  
Scattering and flying

All directions—strike!  
Red flashing X

Scraped away by swinging  
Bar down into a pit

Another pyramid of ten sets  
Upon ash boards  
Once again.

Kurtis Sizemore, Age 11  
Mount Pleasant, Iowa

## I Hate My Closet

My closet, it's a mess  
clothes on the floor  
pajamas on the floor  
basketballs bouncing up and down  
soccer balls rolling  
and pants hung up on  
broken hangers  
tennis rackets on the table  
a game broken in pieces  
and a  
Monopoly game on the floor

I  
hate it  
Ahhh!  
I see socks hanging  
out of my drawer  
It is a mess, I hate it  
more clothes  
piled  
up every  
day more and more  
and more  
Ahhhhh!

Brian Landau, Age 9  
Los Angeles, California



My Mom at Work

Megan Christopherson, Age 9  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Garbage, garbage, not so pretty,  
Lying on the streets throughout the city,  
Let's clean it up!

Reed Jonathan Humphrey, Age 6  
Richmond, Virginia



I'm a Full-time Cowboy

Hans Zeiger, Age 5  
Puyallup, Washington



Two Clowns

Robin Mizzell, Age 4  
Montgomery, Alabama

## Spider's Web

The dew-covered web  
Glittered with silvery light.  
Spider's legacy.

Nina Sutcliffe, Age 13  
Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey

## The Circus Is in Town

The circus is in town.  
The circus is in town.  
Hurray, Hurray,  
The circus is in town.  
The clowns will juggle;  
The lions will roar.  
The clowns will laugh  
And gleam with joy.

Jordan Miller, Age 10  
Garnett, Kansas



Reading My Favorite Magazine

Martha Dawsey, Age 8  
Marietta, Georgia

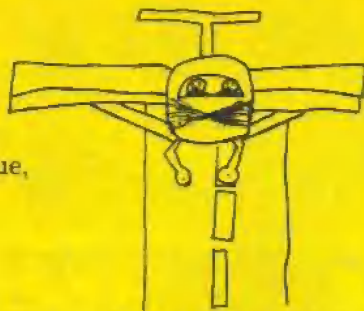
Monet  
Paints, draws  
He loves flowers and paints some, too  
Light colors, pink, blue  
Monet

Laura Scaramelli, Age 7  
Lexington, Massachusetts



## I Want a Balloon

I want a balloon,  
Any color or shape,  
Yellow, green, red, blue,  
Any old color,  
Any old shape.  
I asked my mother.  
What did she say?  
No way!  
I'll ask another day.  
*Jordan Vincent, Age 8*  
*Issaquah, Washington*



*Alex Aldridge, Age 8*  
*Libertyville, Illinois*

Brown and yellow leaves  
in the fall,  
Fluttering down  
like butterflies  
*Alex Thomas, Age 3*  
*Mount Vernon, Ohio*



**Black Steamer**

*Jacoby Young, Age 7*  
*Bethel, Vermont*

## A New Item

An item.  
A new item.  
Everybody makes such a big fuss.  
Then at dusk, that item is left alone.  
That item is left alone staring at the moonlight  
Till the next morning when the item is noticed again.  
Sooner or later that item is forgotten.  
It will spend many lonely hours  
Staring into pools of moon or sunlight.  
A new item.  
Like a fresh sheet of drawing paper.  
Like a new beginning.  
A new item.

*Emily Kritzier, Age 9*  
*Wilmette, Illinois*

Water snake slides,  
Water snake slithers  
like water over rocks  
Safe in this tree  
I watch him pass.  
Eagle flies, eagle dives  
like wind over trees.  
Safe in this tree  
I watch him pass.

*Joey Montello, Age 7*  
*Castro Valley, California*



**Bird**

*Ximena Streilein, Age 5*  
*San Juan, Puerto Rico*



*Shaun Campbell, Age 11*  
*Jonesville, Michigan*



**Earth's Imagination**  
*Francesca Eberth, Age 10*  
*Avalon, New Jersey*

## It's a Sunny Day

It's a sunny day. A hot day, a pretty day today.  
A pool day, a slip and slide day.  
I love sunny days because  
you can go out to play except  
when it's a school day.  
Oh! What do you say?  
It's Saturday?

*Bethany Pitcher, Age 7*  
*Langhorne, Pennsylvania*



**Me Playing Ball**

*Andy Haines, Age 10*  
*Berne, Indiana*

## There Are So Many Changes in the World

There are so many changes in the world just for you and me. A caterpillar might turn into a butterfly, and a baby might be born. And a horse might have its colt, and a cow have its calf. A person might get a promotion. Or you just might meet a new friend. There are so many changes in the world just for you and me. Just look out the window and onto the ground, and you can really seeeeee . . . !

*Bridget Healy, Age 8*  
*Miami, Florida*



**Tucson**

*Jennifer Hutfless, Age 11*  
*Tucson, Arizona*

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or black-and-white drawing to **Our Own Pages**? Be sure that it is your very own creation, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems and drawings from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us.



# Prokofiev

## Russia's No-Nonsense Composer

By Peter Jacobi

He was a no-nonsense man.

The way he played the piano, those long "fingers of steel" jabbing the piano with speed and precision. The way his body moved, so quickly and with purpose. The way he spoke, in a voice that cut through other sounds. The way he wrote music, without extra notes, his melodies always moving like a machine, well-oiled and efficient.

The way he wrote his name. PRKFV. He'd sign what needed to be signed. He didn't waste time on vowels. Sergei Prokofiev (sehr GAY praw KAW fyehf) was a no-nonsense man.

Apparently, he was a no-nonsense boy.

He grew up in an atmosphere that might have caused others to relax, to slide through boyhood and life. But not Sergei. He lived on a strict schedule. First, lessons in French, German, and music



At 9, already a pianist and composer

with his mother; then, math, Russian, and history with his father. Then he was free to play for a couple of hours on the estate where he lived.

The boy seemed to be good at everything. Like riding a pony and swimming. Like Russian and arithmetic. Like playing croquet and walking on stilts. Like chess.

And he was good at music. His mother was the musician in the family. She'd make sure to play Chopin and Beethoven, so that good music was always in the air. She made sure that Sergei spent time at the piano, too, although that didn't take much persuasion. Oh, he liked to play the chase-and-lead adventure games with the neighboring children, but he looked forward to hours at the piano.

Not only that, but he began to compose. Little songs at first, and bits and pieces for the piano. In 1900, at age nine, he composed an opera he called *The Giant*. It was performed for family and friends at his uncle's house. The composer sang the role of the hero. An aunt, a rather tall woman, played the giant.

All too soon, Mother Prokofiev knew that it was time for Sergei



At 19, an even better musician





### A near master at chess

to go to a proper school. She presented him to the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg. The director, the renowned composer

Rimsky-Korsakov, was amazed that a thirteen-year-old could show him works the boy himself had done—two operas, a batch of songs, and a larger batch of piano pieces. The boy was admitted.

Before long, some of the teachers would wonder why. He began composing music with strange chords and harmonies. "If you want to compose that kind of music, why do you come to my classes?" bellowed one professor. "Go to Debussy! Go to Richard Strauss!"

He stayed. But he remained independent, sure of his own musical judgment, not merely through ten years at the Conservatory but through his entire life.

He wrote his first piano concerto, and then a second. And he was quite the pianist. He had to be to get through all those notes. But such wild music!

He turned to the symphony, and just when people expected more uncomfortable sounds, he did the unexpected. He wrote what he named a *Classical Symphony*, which has become one of his best-loved works.

Most of his music sounded far removed from any other composer's works. It was rebellious, modern. Beneath, one could hear the quiet sounds of Russia, the Russia of his peaceful growing up. But the city and the factory were in his music, too, the sharp sounds of machines and busy

people. He seemed just the right talent to express the Russian Revolution in 1917. But no, he could not work in a war-torn country. He needed peace to compose. He asked to leave.

First stop: the United States. His piano recitals succeeded more than his compositions. Audiences were awed. In 1921 the Chicago Symphony introduced his *Third Piano Concerto*, with the composer at the piano. The Chicago Opera Company introduced his new opera, *The Love for Three Oranges*.

Second stop: Paris, where every kind of modern music—from Debussy to Stravinsky—was in the air. But the urge to return to his native Russia became more strong. And so, in 1936, he went home to stay.

The Soviet state gave him a house. Now he had time for his one overwhelming passion—to work, to compose. Soon he wrote *Peter and the Wolf* for Moscow's Children's Theater as a lesson on the orchestra and its instruments. Lesson? Yes, but a joy, too, a musical chase and romp for orchestra and storyteller, about Peter (heard as frisky and playful violins) and Grandfather (a grouchy-sounding bassoon) and a bird (flute) and a duck (oboe) and a cat (clarinet) and the Wolf (three horns playing ominous chords).

He wrote wonderfully funny

music for the movies, too, and he could make his music patriotic. During World War II he wrote songs that Russian soldiers could take into battle.

But after the war was over, Stalin's government began to watch the Soviet Union's best composers for "antipopular" direction. The second half of *Ivan the Terrible*, a film for which Prokofiev had written the music, was banned. The second half of his opera *War and Peace* was not permitted performance.

Prokofiev continued to write, sometimes to please the censors but mostly to please himself, until death took him in 1953, just a few hours after Stalin died. The world only learned of Prokofiev's death two weeks later.

The works of this composer, though, will be remembered outside the history books.

His ballets, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cinderella*.

His Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh symphonies.

His operas, *The Flaming Angel* and *War and Peace*.

And most of all, his delightful *Peter and the Wolf*.



### Cinderella, his still-popular ballet



## A photograph of a woman in a black cape and mask standing next to a young girl in a pink dress and bunny mask. The woman is adjusting the girl's mask. They are in a room with a wooden cabinet, a lamp, and a sign that says "UNICEF".

If it's an adventure movie? If the movie has a serious message?



Here is both old and new money from West Africa, Japan, Canada, and the United States. Which is which?



These fish were named for their looks. Which is the porcupine fish? Cowfish? Catfish? Butterfly-fish? Sea horse?



Which words would you like to have people say about you?

cheerful	bossy	thoughtful
honest	neat	dependable
selfish	helpful	dishonest
kind	untidy	whiny
truthful	diligent	unselfish

Which words wouldn't you want to have said about you?

### Squish! Squash!

Which might be harmed the most if you stepped on it?

A baseball or an egg?  
 A ripe tomato or a potato?  
 A car tire or a balloon?  
 A football or a model airplane?  
 A banana or a coconut?  
 A log or a flower?

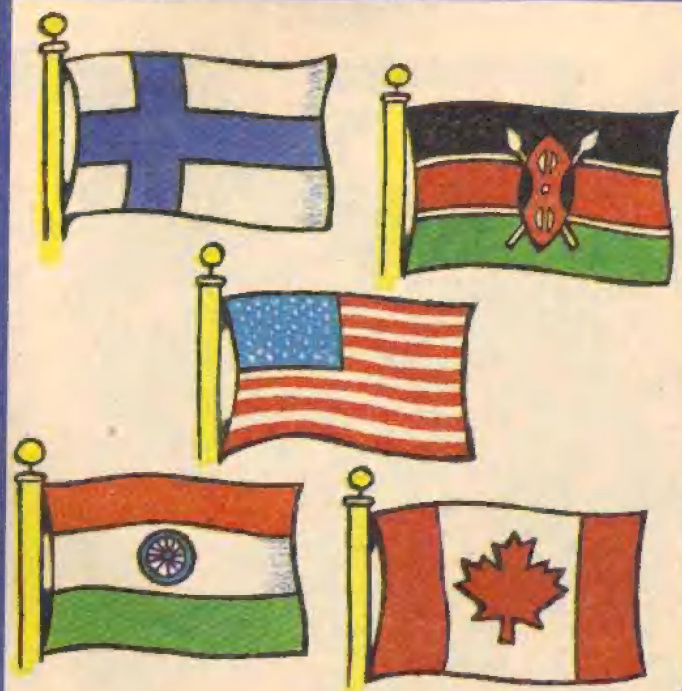


"I'm sorry. I should have phoned to let you know that I had to work late."

"I was worried. Now I know how you feel when I don't come home on time."

## Matching

Look at each flag on the left. Find one like it on the right.





# Dover Stays Up Late

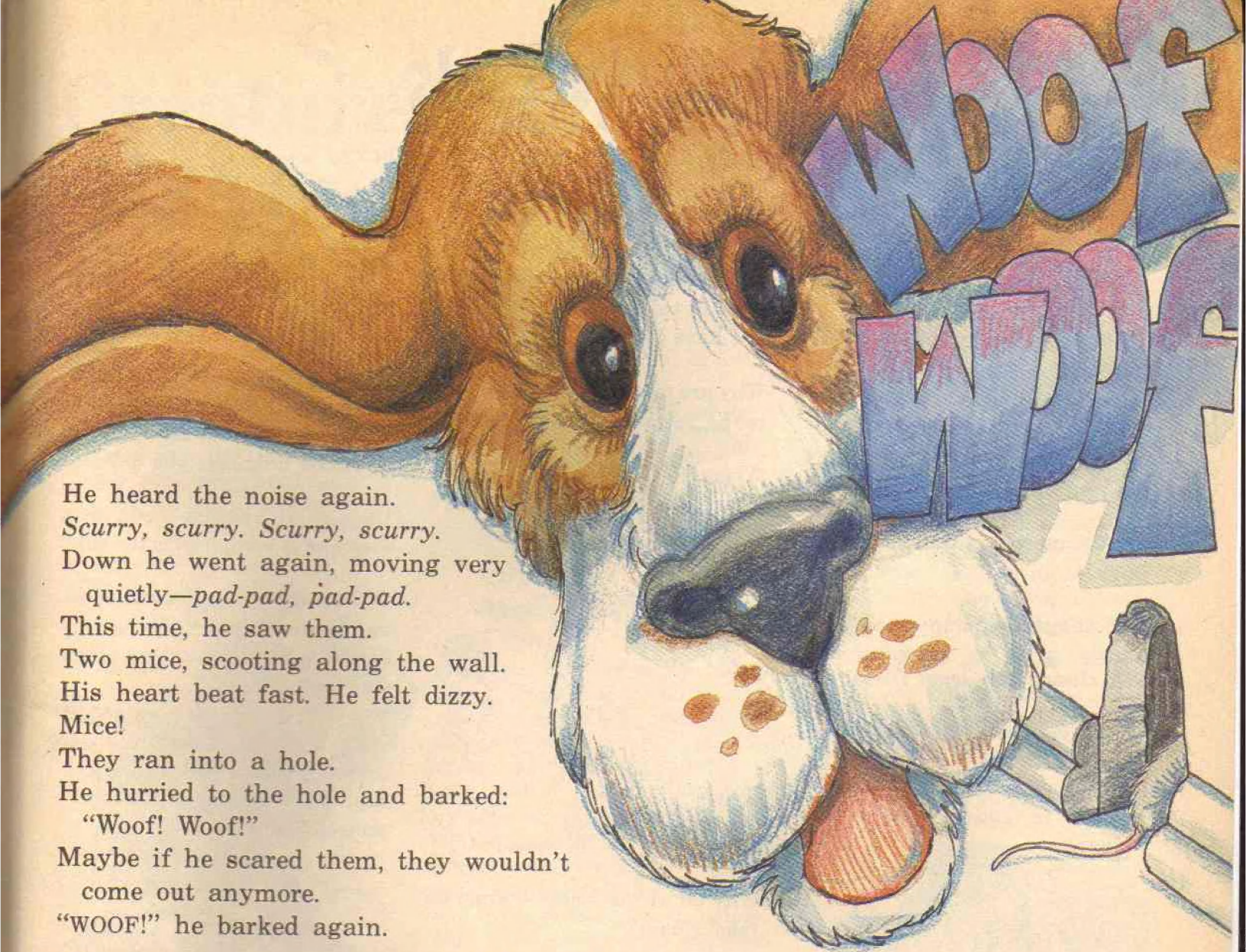


By Martha Whitmore Hickman


It was late at night.  
The family was asleep—Mother and Father,  
Sammy and Sara, all in their cozy beds.  
Dover was awake.  
He heard something scurrying in the basement.  
He went down to look—*flop-flop, flop-flop*.  
No alligators in the basement.  
No cows.  
No pigs or chickens.  
No snakes rustling among trash cans.  
What a relief. He went back upstairs.

He heard the noise again.  
*Scurry, scurry. Scurry, scurry.*  
Back down he went—*flop-flop, flop-flop*.  
He looked behind the furnace.  
Nothing but spiders. Not making a noise.  
No fierce monsters.  
Or fierce fighting mice.  
He didn't like mice, not at all.  
Mice were the worst thing for a watchdog—  
so tiny and furry,  
scurrying around so fast you never knew  
where they'd be or what they'd be up to.  
Back upstairs he went.





He heard the noise again.  
*Scurry, scurry. Scurry, scurry.*  
Down he went again, moving very  
quietly—*pad-pad, pad-pad.*  
This time, he saw them.  
Two mice, scooting along the wall.  
His heart beat fast. He felt dizzy.  
Mice!  
They ran into a hole.  
He hurried to the hole and barked:  
“Woof! Woof!”  
Maybe if he scared them, they wouldn’t  
come out anymore.  
“WOOF!” he barked again.



A mouse peeped out of the hole.  
He barked again—his loudest bark.

“WOOF! WOOF!”

The door at the top of the stairs opened.

“Dover! What’s the matter, Dover?”

Father came down in his bathrobe.

“Woof!” Dover barked at the hole.

“Well, what do you know,” Father said.

He nailed a board over the hole.

“You are a very brave watchdog, Dover,”  
he said.

“Woof!” barked Dover. Nothing to it,  
he thought.

Then he went upstairs  
and climbed into bed with Sammy.



# Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go,  
thinking of good answers from your own head.

"Mom's making coffee in the kitchen," Terri said when Mrs. Kline came to visit. Terri hadn't been in the kitchen. How might she have known?

Why are most stop signs painted red?

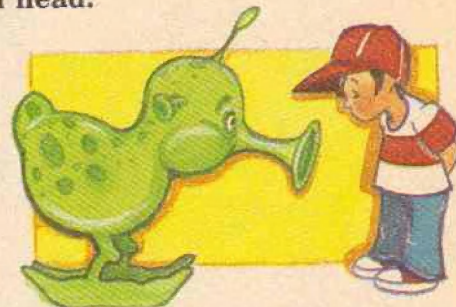
Where do you go when you want a place to think all by yourself?



Why do we use water when we take a bath?

"The bus doesn't stop over here," Shane told Miriam. "It stops across the street." How might Shane have known?

Name some ways you can tell if food in your refrigerator is spoiled.



How might you communicate with a creature that doesn't speak the same language you do?

Does solar heating mean that someone is warming up the sun?

"I'll need two eggs, some flour, sugar, and butter," Hank told Jamie. What do you think Hank was preparing?

How do running shoes help protect people's feet while they run? What other kinds of shoes protect feet?



Suppose you had to carry twelve eggs on a hike across the prairie and you didn't have an egg carton. How might you carry them without breaking them?

## Front Cover and What's Wrong? by Lane Yerkes

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## ANSWERS:

### "Glub, Glub, Glub" (page 15)

The fish in the second tank is blowing the most bubbles. The one in the third tank is blowing the fewest.

### "Seven Spinning Spirals" (page 15)

Number 5

### "Five on the Run" (page 29)

Carla finished the race first, followed by Greg, then Brittany, then Tricia. Dave was last.

You can figure it out this way: Since Tricia, Greg, Dave, and Brittany did not come in first, Carla must have been the winner. Brittany was two places behind Carla, so she came in third. Dave came in right after Tricia, so they had to come in fourth and fifth, the only consecutive places left. That means Greg came in second.

### "Pop Goes the Party" (page 29)

Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, Jack and Jill, Little Miss Muffet, Old Mother Hubbard, and Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.



# Creatures Nobody Has Ever Seen!

## The Plateback

Platebacks live on Neptune and eat tree leaves. Sometimes Platebacks will come to your house for dinner and eat your leaves. Sometimes they use the narrow plates on top of their heads to chop leaves from the trees. Sometimes they use their sharp teeth.

*Andy Prendergast, Age 5  
River Forest, Illinois*



## The Spotted Websluck

The Spotted Websluck is a huge predator that lives on the planet Stoak. It usually weighs 2,640 pounds and is 24,685 feet high. It swims at night and eats the eels and whales it finds.

In the daytime the Websluck usually roosts on uninhabited planets or floats around the universe on its back, sleeping. It takes great pride in its swimming and flying abilities, and its hairdo. Only three are reported alive but each has 4,623 children in its 264,893-year life-span.

*Cory Brown, Age 11  
Ririe, Idaho*



## The Buttercatpeacockfly

These unknown creatures are born in rain droplets but live on land. With their colorful tail they attract their prey and tickle them with their long whiskers. Buttercatpeacockflies have little pink rocket nails that launch them to the rainbow so they can take a sip of rainbow juice. So, be on the lookout for buttercatpeacockflies when it rains.

*Amelia Berman, Age 10  
New York, New York*



## The Flying Electricity Eater

This peculiar species feeds on your own electricity. It plugs a plug into your socket at night (it doesn't hunt by day) and sucks up electricity. This causes a great electricity shortage. It mainly lives in the ground, but sometimes it lives in the sea. It obviously comes from another planet.

*Tobias Joel Harper, Age 8  
Auckland, New Zealand*

## Catterbee

I saw this fly through my backyard. We tried to catch it, but it got away!

*Summer Vanderford, Age 7  
Tulsa, Oklahoma*



## Shelleater Monster

This is a shelleater monster. He eats spotted shells of all colors. He drinks juice with shells in it. He lives at the beach. So protect your shells from him.

*Jessica Beck, Age 4  
Whitehouse, Ohio*



Can you think of a "Creature Nobody Has Ever Seen"? Draw its picture on unlined paper, and tell us about it. Include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

Creatures  
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

**How many things can you find wrong in this picture?**

